Coffee Truffle

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/53785693.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	High School, Language Barrier, Paris (City), Will Graham Has A Crush, Fluff, Awkward Flirting, Bad French, i took one french class in high school so nobody bully me
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Sourweather's Chocolate Sampler
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-14 Words: 1,384 Chapters: 1/1

Coffee Truffle

by sourweather

Summary

While on a school trip to Paris, Will gets separated from his class. Luckily, a cute Parisian boy takes it upon himself to keep him company.

Notes

You take the Coffee Truffle from your Chocolate Sampler. The outside is sweet milk chocolate, but it gives way to a rich, decadent coffee ganache. It's a little bitter, but that only serves to bring out its addictive sweetness. You finish the truffle, and silently wish you could have another.

See the end of the work for more notes

After spending his entire youth trapped in tiny riverside towns, Will is almost relieved to find that no matter where you go, things are pretty shitty the whole world over. Case in point, he's managed to find himself completely lost, broke and hungry, in the middle of Paris.

He hadn't been able to believe his luck when his dad actually said yes to this trip. A full week away from home, seeing the sights in one of the most beautiful cities in the world? It was supposed to be the best week of his life.

Yeah. Not quite.

The plane ride was amazing. He'd been pressed against his window all the while, staring at the world as it passed by far below. And it's definitely nice not having to deal with his old man. But the thing about traveling with your asshole classmates is that, even in another continent, they're still the same assholes.

Will's group had a pretty strict agenda, packed to bursting with sightseeing opportunities and touristy crap. They'd finally finished a long morning of winding through museum corridors, and were about to head off to lunch. Well, apparently Will's peers decided it would be *real* fucking funny to leave him behind while Will was taking a piss.

He stepped out into the mild spring air, expecting to see his group waiting for him, and they were gone. No sign of them, and Will sure as shit wasn't paying attention when his teacher said the name of their next destination. He drags a hand through his hair, looking around the foreign street as if something might jump out to help him.

"Bonjour."

The voice is low, warm. It comes from just behind him. Will spins on his heels to find a boy, about his age, sitting on a bench outside the museum. He's strikingly handsome, all golden hair and bronze skin in the late morning sun.

"Oh, um, *bonjour,"* he returns, lifting his hand in an awkward half-wave. He glances up and down the sidewalk, grasping for something that he can even read.

"Es-tu perdu?" The boy says, and Will offers a polite smile.

"Sorry," he replies. "I don't really, uh…" He trails off, blushing a little. Will's a smart kid, but he'll be the first to admit that he's been half-assing his French class. Quarter-assing, even. He's starting to regret that.

The Parisian boy just watches Will flounder, tipping his head to the side in interest. Will tries not to crack under the attention, but he's never been good at talking to people he finds cute.

"English?" he asks hopefully, and the boy shakes his head with regret. "Shit."

Brazen, the boy looks Will up and down. Makes a show out of it, even. Will's heart flutters a little when the boy smiles at him.

“Assied toi avec moi.”

Will grasps for what little he’s absorbed. *You. With me.* Something. Fuck, he needs to stop napping at school.

After a second, the boy nods toward the empty space beside him on the bench. *Oh.* “I can’t,” Will replies, gesturing a negative with a wave of his hands. “I need to catch up with my…”

He hesitates. If he tries to find them on his own, he’ll probably end up getting lost on the streets of Paris, and his group will never be able to find him. Odds are that they’ll come back here first, when his teacher finally realizes he’s gone. Staying here, with this handsome French stranger, is… probably the smart thing to do. Yeah. Smart.

The boy looks pleased when Will sits next to him, and Will grins.

“Uh. *Je m’appelle Will.* Hi.”

“Hannibal,” the boy replies, and holds out a charcoal-smudged hand. “Hi.”

The skin of his palm tingles pleasantly where they touch, and he pulls away as slowly as he can without it looking creepy. “Hi,” he breathes, and then winces. “I mean— fuck—“

Hannibal huffs out a small laugh, and Will rubs shyly at the nape of his neck.

“I’m smart in America, you know,” he mutters. “Maybe the jet lag liquefied my brains.” Hannibal just hums, turning his attention to the brown journal in his lap. Will looks over the boy’s shoulder as he flips through the pages. Drawings, mostly charcoal. Studies of buildings in Paris, plants and flowers, poses that Will recognizes from the paintings inside.

When Hannibal arrives at a blank page, he settles back. Will’s mind goes blank. He hadn’t realized how closely he’d been leaning until Hannibal’s shoulder presses against his chest. Suddenly Will’s entire body feels warm, and it takes him several seconds to remember how to move his limbs. He lifts his arm, praying that the movement won’t scare Hannibal away. Will’s not quite bold enough to wrap it around Hannibal’s shoulders, so he drapes it along the back of the bench. Hannibal takes the cue, nestles himself in the crook of Will’s arm, and begins to sketch.

“Tu aimes d-dessiner?” Will asks, because his mind can sort of recall ‘Do you like to draw?’ even if it has no clue how to say ‘Do you think we’ll ever see each other again?’ or ‘Are you single, by any chance?’

Hannibal chuckles. Will assumes his pronunciation was miserable. *“Oui.”*

“You must come here a lot, then,” he says, gesturing with the hand that’s sort-of around Hannibal toward the Museum entrance.

Hannibal looks to the building, then twists to smile at Will. This all happened so fast, when did he get so near to Hannibal’s mouth? How did he end up here, again? Will licks his lips. Hannibal watches him. *“Oui. J’adore cet endroit.”*

"J'adore…" Will mumbles, part echolalia and part hypnosis. That word sounds… really nice, in Hannibal's mouth.

Hannibal's eyes narrow, a flicker of something warm and sweet catches the light. Fondness, Will thinks. Hannibal's becoming fond of him.

Will sits, more content than he can ever remember being, and watches Hannibal draw. The motions are oddly soothing, and the world feels like it's entirely ignoring them, and Hannibal is warm and alive against his body. He smells like coffee, and paper, and soap. Will breathes him in, sighs a bit wistfully. It feels… unfair. Unfair that a moment this nice should also be so fleeting, that it won't have the opportunity to expand into something bigger than this.

Eventually, Hannibal stops drawing. He sets down his pencil, and Will chokes on air when Hannibal reaches for his hand, pulling it around his shoulder. *"As tu faim?"* he asks, and Will is way too transfixed by the fact that Hannibal has started idly playing with Will's fingers to answer.

Hannibal looks up at him, expectantly. Will just blinks. *"Faim,"* he repeats, and holds Will's fingers heart-stoppingly near to his mouth. He snaps his teeth at the air near his fingertips, miming a bite. *"Manger."*

Will shakes himself, his face going beet red. *Manger*: 'To eat'. "I— yeah," he replies, begging his heart to stop skipping. "Yeah, I'm starving, actually. B-But I should probably stay here, just in case my group comes back for me."

Either the response gets lost in translation, or Hannibal isn't interested in taking 'no' for an answer. He stands from the bench, leaving Will's body strangely cold where he'd been, and grabs Will's hand. *"Viens,"* he says, and tugs at Will's arm.

Will laughs, shakes his head. "I can't," he insists, but he wants to.

Hannibal doesn't let up, though. He stares down at Will, pleading with big brown eyes. *"Viens avec moi, Will,"* he begs, and then, almost shyly, he adds *"...S'il te plaît?"*

He breaks. Embarrassingly easy, he breaks. How is he supposed to say no to something like this? Will smiles, helpless, and Hannibal instantly knows he's won.

"Alright, alright," Will sighs, laughing a little when Hannibal tugs him onto his feet. He settles nearly chest-to-chest with Hannibal, his face tantalizingly near once again. Hannibal bites his plush lower lip, worries it against sharp teeth. He barely knows Hannibal, but Will's never wanted to kiss someone more in all his life.

"Viens," Hannibal says again, and turns to start gently guiding him down the crowded Parisian streets. Will follows him, their hands tightly clasped, and he can't help but think that the city looks more beautiful than it did this morning.

End Notes

Thank you to: roadki77 and naanie for giving me the ingredients for this chocolate!

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